

THE TERESIAN

Official Publication of the Student Body of the College of St. Teresa

Vol. 30 WINDMOOR, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, February, 1961 No. 4

Mary Helen Leahy Is First Queen Of Heart Assoc. Ball

Mary Helen Leahy, student council president and senior in the Department of Nursing, was Queen of the Kansas City Heart Association ball last Saturday night. The ball was held in the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Muehlebach. Her escort was Thomas Higgins, junior at Rockhurst College.

The honor came to Mary Helen as a result of personal interviews and information sent to the K. C. Heart Association about Mary Helen's school activities, honors, and plans for the future. She hopes to do graduate work in Boston.

Mary Helen was one of seven nursing students who were candidates for the honor. This is the first year the Association has had a queen but the fourth year of its ball.

In addition to material submitted about Mary Helen by the Department of Nursing, she had a personal interview before a committee of three: Landon Laird, drama editor of *The Star*, Dr. Robishaw, of

Excelsior Springs, and Miss Marquerite Kuna, president of the Women's Chamber of Commerce.

The Heart Association gave Mary Helen a complete outfit for the coronation ceremony, including a white satin ball gown, a Cahill model with a high-scooped neck and long sleeves, a coronet, jewelry, shoes, purse and gloves.

Miss Caroline Schutte took her shopping at Harzfelds. Mary Helen said her outfit cost about three hundred dollars.

Literary Magazine Now Available

The Winter issue of the *Golden Echo* is now ready for distribution. Edited by Anna Jane Wright, it contains an essay called "Primitivism in William Faulkner's *The Bear*" by Ann Banfield with a full page illustration by Madeline Seferovich. Also included are three somber stories by Kay Leitner, Virginia Pell and Grace Bartholome.

Beverly Swerling submitted a personal essay about the effect a statue had on her life and Grace Bartholome, less seriously, added a tirade on annoyances in the style of J. D. Salinger.

Poetry for this issue was contributed by Sister Marcella Marie, Sister Marie David of the College of St. Catherine, and Kay Leitner.

Teresians Prepare Creative Writing For Library Contest

Teresians are at present preparing material for the Fourteenth Annual Young Writers' Contest, sponsored by the Catholic Community Library. Students may submit essays, poems, short stories, or one-act play. Each school may submit five entries in each class.

Three essays from St. Teresa's have already been selected for the contest, two written by seniors Anna J. Wright and Kay Leitner, one by junior Ann Banfield.

In the one-act play class all five plays have been selected from the Writers' Workshop group. Two of the plays were written by Margaret Hagel, two by Pat Breed, and one by Bettye Schmitz.

Entries from any student interested in this contest may still be submitted to Sr. Marcella. Deadline for the contest is Sunday, February 26, 1961.

A Faculty Workshop

Reverend Robert J. Henle, S.J., dean of the Graduate School of St. Louis University, conducted a faculty workshop on January 7 at the College. Father's talks included "Objectives and Purposes of the Catholic Liberal Arts College," "The election and Ordering of Subject Matter," "The Mode of Teaching," and "The Faculty Appropriate for the Catholic Liberal Arts College."

This institute is a continuation of the self-study which the College is making of its educational aims.

Scholarship Exams

The Competitive Scholarship Examinations will be administered at the College, February 25 at 9:00 a.m. Applications will be accepted from students ranking in the upper fourth of their class. These applications must be submitted to the College before February 22.

There are three competitive four-year scholarships available, each carrying a monetary value of \$800. These scholarships are awarded for one year (\$200) but are renewed for subsequent semesters if the holder maintains a scholastic average of "B".

A four-year piano or voice scholarship is also available. Applicants for the music scholarship must take the general achievement tests on February 25 and must make an appointment with the Music Department for a private audition in applied music or voice.

An additional scholarship is available to a finalist in a National Examination. For further information about this scholarship or the competitive ones, contact the Scholarship Committee at the College.

Curtain To Rise On Victor Herbert's 'Sweethearts'

The curtain will rise tonight at 8:15 on the first of three performances of Victor Herbert's musical comedy, *Sweethearts*. After six weeks of strenuous and intense rehearsals and the combined talents of the Music and Drama Departments, together with a professional orchestra under the direction of Mr. Russell Patterson, a finished production is anticipated.

The second performance is Sunday afternoon, February 12, at 3:15 and the final show is Monday night at 8:15. Sister M. Felice is the director; Sister de La Salle and Sister Olive Louise the music directors; and Miss Judy Coleman is the technical director.

Judy Chartier now knows as student director that there is much more that goes into the preparation of such a musical than is generally known to the audience. The principal characters, for instance, have spent four to five hours each Sunday at rehearsals for the past month.

Bette Schmitz and Claudia Elliott, in charge of lighting, Grace Bartholome in charge of properties, and make-up girls Toni Maurin and Tomasina Degnan are also kept on their toes.

And perhaps during the course of the performance you'll be able to discern a whisper or two coming from off stage. But it will be nothing to worry about — just prompter Kathy Glennon doing her job. However, with this year's excellent cast, it is doubtful that Ka-

thy's services will be too much in demand. We are again fortunate enough to have Warren Thomas heading the cast which is composed of: Jim Jasperse, John Madden, Katie Madden, Genie Sullivan, Marilyn Hodes (also one of the stars from last year), Joseph Enna, Kathy Hegarty, Ken Elsey, Anita Alvarez, Jim Gilbreth, Mary Salamone, Joan Bartholome, Christine DiCarlo, Charles Kirchner, and Joe Connealy. (If you think there appears to be a slight touch of nepotism in the case of the two Maddens, you're right! John is Katie's brother.)

Chorus members are: John Schmidt, Barbara Rush, Lenore Stomp, Robert Blanchard, Grace Bartholome, John Holman, Michaela Sheehy, Kathy Fahlstrom, Phil Van Thullman, Marilyn Sterk, Pepe Lynos, Jim Ragan, Judy Chartier, Lillian Lyle, Richard Rosberg, and Dave Sachen.

Additional members of the chorus who also dance are: Louise Serrone, Karen Baker, Frank Stewart, Bill Aguirre, Cheryl Booth, Judy Dillon, Dave Swyer, Tony Ciston, Bob Howard, and Elizabeth Maguire. Theresa Carolan has the grueling job of being house manager.

REHEARSAL TIME: Below Jim Jasperse, Marilyn Hodes, Katie and John Madden polish up a scene, while Sister de La Salle, Warren Thomas and Jeannie Sullivan try once more.



Students To Help C. U. In Formosa

At the request of our Pope, John XXIII, and Cardinal Cushing of Boston, the Catholic students of America will begin, this month, a campaign to raise money for the construction of a Catholic University on Formosa, the home of the Nationalist Chinese.

This University will be vitally important, not only to the Church itself, but to the people of Formosa as well, people who left their homes on the China mainland to escape the oppression of the Chinese Communists.

It is hoped that the students of America will be able to donate enough money for the library of the new University. This library will then be dedicated to them, in commemoration of their charity and generosity.



Philosophy Dept. To Present Panel

The listed assembly program for February 27, titled on the Dean's bulletin board as "St. Thomas Aquinas" has proved, to say the least, rather misleading. This title does not mean, as the rumor came back to an astounded and rather terrified Head of the Philosophy Department, that his same head will deliver a profound fifty-minute talk on the life of the Angelic doctor. Nine hard-working students in various philosophy classes would readily deny this. For the program is to be presented entirely by students, under the guidance of Sister Rose Anthony.

Topic Is Man

Actually "St. Thomas Aquinas" is a misnomer for the program — St. Thomas' feast day is not on February 27, but on March 7. Nor will the bulk of the program consider Thomism. Rather the topic will be "Man under the Aspect of Various Philosophical Systems." Man considered in the program will be: naturalistic man, pragmatic man, scientific man, communistic man, existentialist man, idealistic man, intuitionist man, and finally, Thomistic man. Each "man" will be discussed by a member of the panel of students in the Philosophy Department. Kay Leitner, a member of the class in Modern Philosophical Trends, will act as chairman.

Integrating Role

This Thomistic program, in view of the fact that philosophy, along with Theology, plays an integrating role in all the various subjects taught at St. Teresa's, should be a profitable one to the students. According to Sister Rose Anthony, the aim of the Department is to make the program a vital one, with an eye to possible annual St. Thomas day panels discussing contemporary philosophical problems in the light of Thomistic philosophy. In any event it should prove to be a challenging assembly.

Part Of A "Catholic" Press

Did you ever get completely entangled in the mesh of Maritain's prose about Descartes' philosophy only to be interrupted by a phone call, a trip to school, and an assignment to write an editorial about "February—Catholic Press Month?" Well, I did! Consequently my thoughts are in a splendid disarray (at least that is going to be my excuse). But that's all right because according to Teresian policy (that morphous creature just arrived at) the aim of this Catholic college publication is to offer student reactions to events.

At first glance, this may seem a terribly subjective and unformed content for a newspaper, but we justify it with the fact that any objective news we might print usually is not news to the student body which has much quicker means of information. Nor is this paper in its present state anything like a scholarly journal, mainly because it is put out in fits and starts.

As for the word "Catholic", which also comes up for evaluation in the month dedicated to the Catholic press, we can only submit our belief that religion is intrinsic to the individual and colors his attitudes. Which attitudes may see print but not religious doctrine as itself. A paper is not a pulpit. Pope John's exhortation to think, speak, and honor the truth is both the duty and the privilege of the Catholic press, Teresian included. College is one of the places to learn the truth. Our paper is a place to convey it. We think the best way to realize this aim, in the concrete, is to let students have their say. Their contributions to the press are a contribution to truth from an individual standpoint.

I would like to conclude this discussion of policy with the suggestion that students explore the wonderful world of Catholic publications on all levels, diocesan to international. Exciting things are happening to the press just as exciting things are happening within the world-wide Church. And he who has ears to hear, let him hear.

Kay Leitner

Dean's List	
Jean Carter	2.8
Madeline Dauzo	2.8
Mary R. Donnelly	2.6
Kathryn Fahlstrom	2.6
Kathleen Frye	3.
Margaret Hagel	3.
Dorothy Hain	2.8
Beverly Hubble	2.7
Sr. Winifred McNaney, NSD	2.8
Barbara Metzger	2.5
Virginia Nelson	2.6
Gladys Needels	2.7
Mary Prebich	2.6
Janet Schmitz	2.6
Michaels Sheehy	2.6
Carol Skorupan	2.5
Alyce M. Sopotick	2.5
Corlyss Winters	2.7

Honor Roll	
(B Average)	
Anita Alvarez, Ann Banfield, Joan Banfield, Grace Bartholome, Patricia Benoist, Anne Breslin, Ann Carey, Margaret Cavanaugh, Carol Coleman, Christine DiCarlo, Judy Dillon, Mary Jo Downey, Patricia Durrant, Mathilda Eiken, Claudia Elliott, Judy Fieck, Roseann Gargotta, Ursula Gastreich, Patricia Glenn, Linda Grace, Mother M. Teresa Guizarro, MMB Sharon Halen, Stella Harper, Margaret Hernandez, Bonnie Hudson, Connie Kaskick, Suzanne Kent, Elizabeth McGuire, Marilyn Miller, Sr. Anne Benedict, CSJ, Virginia Nelson, Sarah Otto, Judith Palmer, Virginia Pell, Nina Pierson, Dorothy Purcell, Barbara Rush, Paula Schmidt, Elizabeth Schmitz, Mary Kathleen Schurig, Harriet Shumway, Chaney Slaughter, Judith Smith, Marilyn Sterk, Leonore Stomp, Beverly Swerling, Judith Warren, Anna J. Wright, Mary A. Tobin.	

In Search Of A Companion

by Margaret Hagel

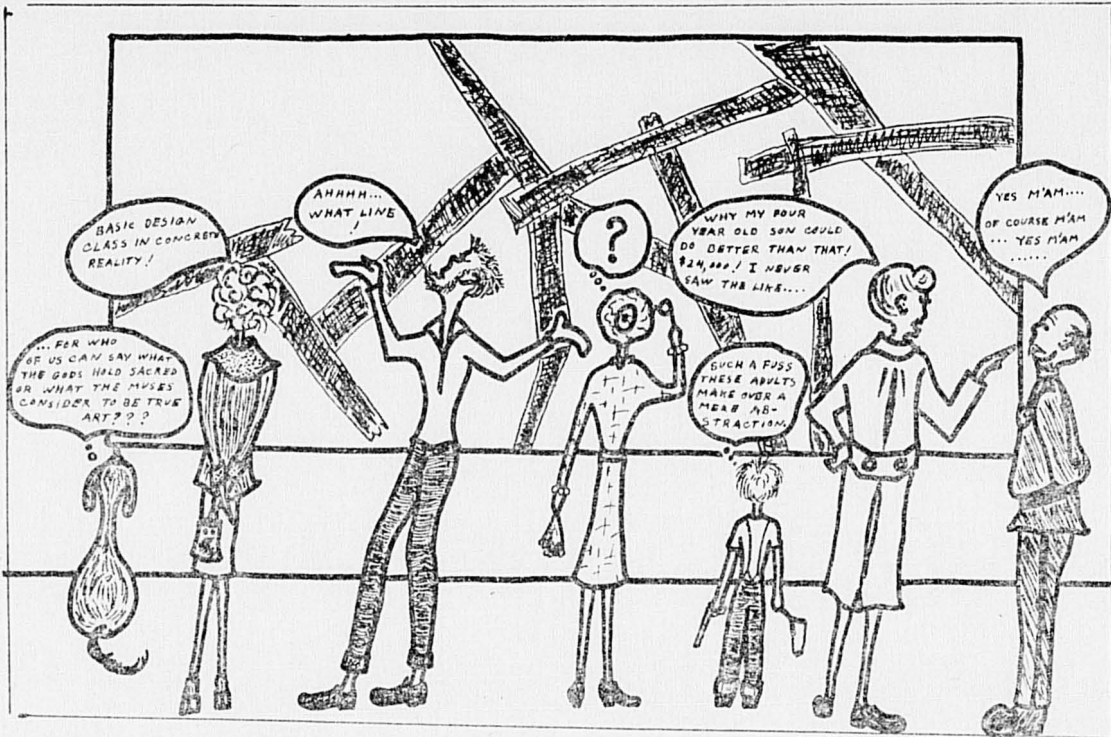
Would anybody like to go to Quebec this summer? I am, but I'm using this space, not to announce the fact that I'm going to Quebec (I've done that orally already), but to advertise for a traveling companion. The requirements aren't really so strict. All they entail are a workable knowledge of French, a desire to take a six weeks course in French at Laval University, and a small amount of ready cash. And I'll even relax my demands on points one and three. Actually the only one I'm strong on right at present is number two; the others will come by June 30—I hope.

The course will be from June 30 'til August 15, after which my unknown traveling companion and I will be able to speak French like true Frenchwomen—if we've successfully avoided Canadian slang and kept our promise to speak only French. And we'll have fun too, according to last year's sojourners, Ann Banfield and Jeanne Hastings. We'll live in a French home, eat French food, and, according to Ann, date American boys. So you see, the language barrier, at least, won't be insurmountable. And as for the money—well, we could start hiking around May 28!

(Note: Margaret Hagel has been awarded a scholarship to Laval University for her work there this summer.)

A Matter Of Point Of View

M. Seferovich



The Logic Of Modern Art.

by Sharon Hale

"Given the background to contemporary art and the character of our times, how else can the contemporary artist paint but as he does?" This is the question the visitor is asked to "keep continuously in mind" as he views the current exhibition at the Nelson Art Gallery, according to the introductory panel printed at the beginning of the exhibition; and it is quite a challenging one.

Undoubtedly you have seen some modern painting some place in this modern world, even if it were only the portrait of the musicians in Rockhurst's "Rock Room." And most likely you join the chorus of "I don't understand it." If you are at all interested in learning more about this important phase of our here-and-now humanities, try visiting the current special exhibit at the Nelson Art Gallery, "The Logic of Modern Art." The introductory panel claims that "much dislike of modern painting has been engendered by a simple inability to see individual paintings as part of a development which moves from Earth" by a Chilean, Robert O. Straction." And it also explains that there are logical reasons in these types of paintings which are "imbedded in the continuous cycle of influence and reaction which makes up the pattern of this exhibition."

To See For Ourselves

One afternoon last week three of my friends and I, each of us shamefully lacking in knowledge of the intricate mechanics of modern art, decided to pay a visit to this exhibit just to see for ourselves. Whether we saw what we expected to see or not is hard to answer. Most of the time we all joined with Minou Arbab, our new Persian Junior, in asking, "What is that supposed to be?" Most certainly, though, we were deeply impressed.

This exhibition has aimed to place the abstract painting of the last fifteen years in the general context of artistic development since 1900; so the paintings have been arranged in six groups, each representing a major movement in twentieth century painting. In order to relate this modern art to its recent past, each group has been prefaced with a painting from a previous generation. "Progressive examination of various stages of this exhibition will be like a walk through 60 years of continuous, interrelated artistic development."

The first group depicted is "Les Fauves." This term means "the wild beasts"; these artists were

motivated by a need for free expression stimulated by the newly discovered exotic arts. They added surface richness and emotionally exciting or subtly limiting color to painting. The main artist in this group is Henri Matisse. You can see some of his originals, including: "Girl With Green Eyes" and "Boy with a Butterfly Net." The girl's eyes are really green, too.

This leads into Expressionism. The preface to this group is by Vincent Van Gogh who used his art to express inner feelings of psychological intensity, to place personal expression above the subject. After observing Van Gogh's "The Olive Grove," Dorothy Hain decided that it was giving her such a feeling of unrest, she had to move on before she had a nervous breakdown. But Margaret Hagel obstinately acclaimed it one of her favorites of the entire exhibit. In this group, see what feelings you can share with Kirchner in "Self-Portrait of a Soldier."

Geometric Forms

Cubism originated from a desire to create besides simple revelation of life a vibrating surface of great decorative beauty. Cezanne, who anticipated and simplified forms of Cubism, prefaced this group. The founder of Cubism is Pablo Picasso. Their creed is that "everything in nature is modeled on the lines of the sphere, the cone, and the cylinder"; thus they experimented with reducing nature to a geometrical form and combining simultaneously in one figure several aspects to represent what the mind knows and remembers rather than what the eye sees. For the most part color is disregarded and curved lines are eliminated. Try, if you can, to find the woman in Picasso's "The Woman"; Dorothy found her but pronounced her a robot.

What else could follow but the Non-objective Painting. The preface to this group is Seurat, who used tiny dots of color, rather than brush strokes, the pointillistic technique, "not only to divide his colors minutely but to achieve a consciously rarified sense of harmony and measured design." The non-objective painting is represented by such pictures as the "Composition 8, No. 260," by Wasily Kandinsky. (Dorothy saw music in this one, but Margaret didn't find a note.) Such painting has no representational content and hence no associational appeal. Its aim is: to stimulate emotional reactions to formal elements only. If you've ever visited New York, you'll be interested in the painting in this group titled "New York" by Mon-

drian. It is said that no change, even infinitesimal, can be made in one of his paintings without disturbing the perfect asymmetrical balance of lines, areas, and colors.

Then we entered into the art of Surrealism. The aim of this art is to resolve the two seemingly contradictory states, dream and reality, into a sort of absolute reality, a surrealite. These paintings are called "usually puzzling or surprising." Anyone who has read Moby Dick must not miss "The Whiteness of the Whale" by an American artist, Sam Francis. Nor should anyone neglect to see the most fascinating painting of the entire exhibit, (at least in the opinion of us four) entitled "All Together on Earth" by a Chilean, Robert O. Echaurren. Has he used fluorescent paint? No just oil. Another must is a work by Joan Miro called: "A Drop of Dew Falling From the Wing of a Bird Awakening Rosalie Asleep in the Shadow of a Cobweb."

The Painting Since World War II began with Claude Monet who attempted to paint close-ups of a water pond; the underwater and surface reflections in his "Nymphs" are perceived simultaneously in a poetic and fluid world. In his group see how closely you think the oil paint supposedly used in Puig's "Painting" resemble what you have seen used in other oil paintings. At least in "Head XXV" Golub claims to have used oil and mixed media. To Margaret, this one represented an excavated Roman ruin; and it probably does. Perhaps the cold of winter inspired two rather interesting paintings, "White Flame" by Still and "Fire World" by Appel. Of course you must let us know after you visit as to where you found George in the painting of "George Swimming at Barnes Hole, But It Got Too Cold."

Some Hints

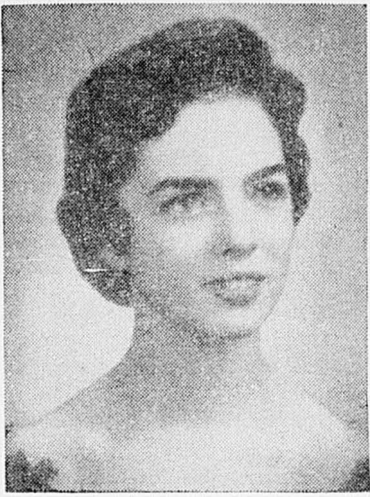
To end on a serious artistic note, you must notice during your tour how the abstract painting today preserves something of 1) The Fauvists' explosive color; 2) Expressionistic distortion; 3) The Cubists' breakdown of pictorial space; 4) The non-objective painters' flat spaces; and 5) The Surrealists subconscious imagery.

This exhibition of international talent will continue until February 26. And if you decide to attend, we hope you'll find something better to say about it than a remark we overheard: "The frames are nice."



ON HIGHWAY 50 AT 63RD: Sister M. Daniel and Sister M. Felice inspect advertising, courtesy of Lynn Horn's father. Lynn is a sophomore in the Academy.

Kathy Plummer Is Queen At Rockhurst Homecoming



Kathy Plummer

Students Have Chance To See Moliere Comedy

Though Mme. Jourdain's shrewish French was a little too fast and too fluent for even the advanced French student, no one, not even the beginners, had trouble understanding the long-face and childish antics of her rich husband, the naive hero of Moliere's comedy, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, during the Comedie Francaise movie production of the play shown at the College Sunday evening, January 21.

The colorful costumes and dances helped to paint the exaggerated picture of 17th century customs and morals that Moliere wanted to hold up for us not only to observe, but also to criticize by our laughter. Even the pageantry was amusing.

And the background of 17th century chamber music set the mood and made one feel as if he too could only move and speak with 17th century minuet-like polish and precision.

Top Acting

But more than the spectacle, the actors, despite the fact that they spoke a language incomprehensible (whether Sister Rita Agnes knows it or not) to many, many members of the audience, were able to convey Moliere's meanings by their actions, their inflections and their expressions. No one doubted for a moment that Mme. Jourdain was henpecking and scolding her husband, and it wasn't too difficult to discern the reason. No one mistook the lovers. And no one failed to realize what a fool the "would-be gentleman" was making of himself. All laughed and felt sorry for him simultaneously. Finally for those who *comprenaient*, the members of the Comedie Francaise spoke a beautiful French.

Another Treat

On April 17 Pi Delta Phi will present another French movie: *The Most Dangerous Sin*, a modern French adaptation of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. Unlike a Hollywood adaptation, the French production has kept all that was most important in the book: the conflict, the characters, the significance. The French script is close to the spirit of Dostoevsky. Only incidentals are changed. The scene is Paris, not St. Petersburg; the time is the 20th century, not the 19th century.

SUDVARG

Distinctive Photographs

3709 Broadway
Kansas City, Mo.

Photographer
for the Senior Class

The recent homecoming dance at Rockhurst College calls for some well-chosen words. The dance, which was held on campus in the Rock Room at Massman Hall, Saturday, January 28, took on heroic proportions for an "unjubilee" year dance. The crowd was large; the sound produced was equally as large, and the price of the sound was by far the largest. In fact, there were only three things small about the whole week-end: the score of the basketball game, the building into which all large things were packed, and the queen, Kathy Plummer.

Kathy Plummer, freshman, was named queen at the game and crowned at the dance.

Except for the lack of a snow-storm (something that was also missing from last year's festivities), the annual celebration assumed the flavor of the inaugural ball: dancing was only done with difficulty and without elbow room; the band was very "big-name"; and though there was no Kennedy and cabinet members, there was the promenade and the lovely queen.

Valentine Dance Financial Worry

by Harriet Shumway

Over in the corner, leaning on the rich dark-wood panels of the ballroom wall, I told myself again the wonderful tale of the spunky '64's and once more I was one of the hopeful young women from the College of St. Teresa of Kansas City in Missouri who had assembled to "tie-up" the plans for the traditional festivities in honor of the "Loving Saint," Valentine.

How full of bubbly and pleasant sensations we were when told a day had been reserved for our very own dance. We devised all manner of cardinal advertising phenomena—engraved invitations, pink punch for free, and posters. It seemed a certain neighboring college catering to the male intelligencia of the Heart of America was to be granted a week's holiday the very week before our dance.

What were we to do with all our punch and posters and engraved invitations and orchestra and worst of all, with the eighty-five eager young flowers of feminine pulchritude who comprise our class?

First, we went to the catering Department of the Continental and explained that we hope they didn't mind but we didn't think we'd be able to afford the fifty dollars worth of pink punch after all. Then we began to pray that we hadn't allowed ourselves, like Valentines, into the pokey for bankruptcy.

As our second and final effort, we pleaded to the upperclassmen, the underclassmen, the inner-outer classmen, and men in general.

By Thursday, we claimed \$30 to our credit and \$206 to our debit. Finally, as Friday dawned, from some great unknown regions of the Big Bank in the Beyond, came the longed-for \$206. "How could we ever doubt?" we sighed, "How could we ever?"

Ah yes, it's as everyone says concerning the valor of the noble woman student, "Neither time nor wind nor boundless sea shall keep her from her chosen tasks, nor, may I add, from her gentleman."

CRESTWOOD FLOWERS

Where Artistry Is the Rule . . .
not the exception.
EVERETT G. BENNETT, Owner
331 East 55th HI. 4-7200

Faculty In The News

Sister Mary Daniel, President, kept up a lively hour-long program over WDAF radio on the January 9 broadcast of "Conversation." Needless to say she plugged CST—faculty and students.

Sister Mary Daniel and Sister Henrietta Eileen, Dean, returned recently from the meeting of the Association of American College Presidents and Deans held in Denver. From there they went to Los Angeles for the annual meeting of the presidents and deans from the five colleges conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

An article concerning Catholic broadcasters and entitled "For the Glory of God, Good of Man," was written by Sister M. Felice, director of the Drama Department, and printed in the December issue of *Catholic Theatre*, a magazine published by the National Catholic Theatre Conference.

Sister M. Eucharis and Sister Paul Joseph have been asked to participate in the Kansas City Science Fair held in April. Sister Eucharis will be chairman of the primary biological science division, and Sister Paul Joseph, a judge in the physical science division.



"HEAR NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL" might be the title of this presidential portrait as left to right, junior president Ann Carey, sophomore Suzy Kent and freshman Harriet Shumway put their heads together and plan for the school-wide talent show on February 20 at the assembly period. Senior president Sue Campbell was not available for comment but was undoubtedly busy scouting talent. A fifteen dollar prize will be awarded to the class who presents the winning act.

A Business Institute

A Business Relations Institute directed by Reverend Trafford P. Maher, S.J., was held at the College January 25 from 8:45 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. In addition to the faculty about thirty-five business men and women attended.

Father Maher has conducted similar institutes in Canada, Mexico, and Europe. In addition to the talks by Father Maher on self-eval-

uation with respect to communication and the world of human relations, slides were shown and two periods of the day were devoted to group discussion.

This was the first time such an institute was held at the college and the response from the business men was such that a future institute is being considered.



PRACTICE TEACHERS: After a day of school, the girls in the classroom rush back to CST to exchange experiences. Here are four of the group around a cafeteria table: Barbara Fields, Luvena Luckett, Connie Kassick, and Judy Blossom.

Practice teaching has started and all the CST seniors in education have dispersed to various schools in the area. All the girls are so pleased with their new profession and comments are positively glowing.

Barbara Rush breathlessly reported that her accelerated eighth grade class at Bingham Junior High is really "on the ball." They are planning a radio program as a class project and one of her students was quite concerned with the wages that they might be paid as professional performers, "what with Kennedy trying to raise the minimum wage."

Judy Blossom, third grade at Border Star, has decided that she'll never be at a loss for boyfriends as long as she continues teaching. All the little boys tell her she's "so pretty" and wink at her during class. (Her third grade must also be an accelerated group.) She was quite tickled when the teacher was telling the science class about the monkey retrieved from his outer space trip, only she didn't mention the monkey. She asked the class, "What is something that has been in the news a lot the past few days? It's an animal." One non-accelerated boy hollered, "Kennedy."

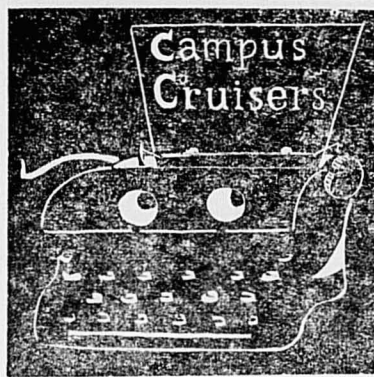
"A mother and her seven children came to visit us in class yesterday," stated Barbara Field, who is teaching the second grade at Bryant. She hastened to add that, in fact, it was really a mother hamster and the hamster babies. Barb was very surprised at the creativity of the children. They use their imagination in talking to inanimate objects. One conversation might go, "Are you all cleaned up, bedroom?" "Yes, I'm in tip-top shape!" "Did you clean the closets good?" "Yes, the closets are in apple pie order."

Phil Hoffman's fourth grade at J. T. Hartman is doing a puppet show and have entitled it the "Flint-bones." Her only objection is that they aren't very logical in the story line. The only problem is that you can't teach fourth graders logic.

Gay Puester is the most enthusiastic about her class, fourth graders at Boone. She says she keeps getting one little boy in trouble because she keeps laughing at him. The other day during her science lesson on planets, he kept shouting, "Let's go to

Mars and get a candy bar," or "Oh yea, Venus, I know her." He is the same little boy whose office is "dismissal". All the children have an important position in the class and his duty is to tap the front desk to signal it's time to leave the room. Gay is really quite proud of them. She said she checked on the playground and her fourth grade group is the cutest. Of course, she may be prejudiced, for who could resist a class that tells you, "You know, Miss Puester, you're really going to be a good teacher one of these days!"

Other girls practice teaching are Ann Wilkins, third grade at J. C. Nichols; Mary Mart'n, third grade at Somerese; Connie Kassick, fourth grade and Luvena Luckett, first grade at Skyline; Nancy Faber, fourth grade at W. A. Kratts; and Tillie Eikens, sixth grade at Longan. Mary Shackmann is teaching math at Milburn Junior High and Virginia Pell is at West Junior High. Eleanor Frass is at St. Teresa Academy and Hogan high school, and Anna Jane Wright has speech, journalism and English classes at Shawnee-Mission East.



Last issue, I described in detail the terrors of composing a "Why I Like Me"—sketch for Woodrow Wilson Scholarship selection. Evidently I like me better than anyone else because I really convinced the judges. (At least they were convinced enough to invite me for a personal interview. Right away, I knew that I wasn't the only cagy person around. I tell them how scholarly and intelligent I am and they call the oral examination a little ole "personal interview".

The whole thing started early one morning at about 2:30 A.M., when I had arrived home after a pleasant evening of bridge. There on my bed was an IBM typed letter from the University of Nebraska. I looked at it for about a half an hour and finally I bravely ripped it open. "My Dear Miss Wright: We are happy to announce that after careful preliminary consideration of your papers—, and then I broke into screams, shouts and hollers despite the fact that I knew my parents would know I had stayed out a little late. I couldn't sleep all night, such was my elated state, and for about sixteen hours I was in bliss. Then for the next two weeks before the interview, I walked around in complete terror considering questions that always began, "What will I say if they ask me—."

On the way down to the interview, a very nice and talkative boy sat next to me on the bus. I finally decided it might help me relax if I talked to him, so I explained the purpose of my jaunt downtown. The young boy, innocent face smiling, consoled me by saying, "Oh heck, don't be scared; I took my boy scout test the other day and boy, was I scared, but I passed!"

With his words ringing in my ear, I marched bravely into the Hotel Mehlbach, stomped up the stairs to the mezzanine, and said very emphatically to the woman behind the desk, "I am Anna Jane Wright from the College of St. Teresa!" The only problem was that it was the Junior Chamber of Commerce desk! So I very meekly walked down the hall to parlor B and to make short what could be a very lengthy psychological stream-of-consciousness book, I will only say that I waited and waited and waited.

Finally a very nice man, smoking a pipe, walked in, looked at me and questioned, "Miss Wright?" Which was a rather intelligent

Semester Break, Break, Break, Cold, Cold, Cold.

by Ann Carey

Six a.m., five degrees below zero, pitch dark, the first day of semester break, and I was up. I was out of my warm bed, and like an idiot, was pulling on three sweaters and two pairs of slacks, then groping for my overshoes and stumbling out the front door on the coldest morning of the year. And all I could think was how did I get myself into this?

Well, I guess it all started one dreary day during semester exams. I was dragging around, trying to navigate with half-open eyes, when I stumbled across a group of weary juniors who were congregated around a window in the cafeteria, and mildly cursing every snow flurry that ventured aimlessly to the ground.

"How would you like to spend semester break at Palm Beach?" I asked with my last degree of strength. "We could just lounge around on the beach, and bask in the sunshine when we weren't dipping in the warm ocean."

This well-meaning suggestion met with a unanimous growl, and I was about to label myself as a social outcast, when someone's eyes lit up and I heard a resounding "Why not?" Then a chain reaction chatter broke out, and we began to formulate plans. We could drive to Florida, sleep under a palm tree, and eat coconuts. But, no time. Florida was too far, and we only had three days.

How about Colorado? We could soar down the ski slopes all day, and dance the night away in some luxurious mountain lodge. But, no money.

Okay. This would solve all our problems. We'd go to Las Vegas and break the bank! Then, we

move, as I was the only girl in the room at the time. And so together, we walked into a room with a long table and two professors.

"Now, Miss Wright, just sit down, relax and tell us why you like literature and particularly why you like American literature." And do you know, out of the seven million questions I had considered, this was the only question I had overlooked. I mumbled something about literature being "nice". (Nice?—Sister Marcella would have died!) Well, fortunately, I was able to mention Sister Marcella and right there I sort of picked up some enthusiasm (school loyalty, rah, rah, rah,) and before I knew it, we were talking about the difference between Old English and Middle English. (What?)

I argued with Professor Ezell, history; and Professor Dougherty, English, was suggesting books I would like and I told him about a good new book I had read recently and they were nice, really nice. They didn't let me flounder, they simply passed over a period when they found out that I hadn't taken a course in it, and they let me talk about anything and everything I wanted, although I think they learned I'd talk until they stopped me. What really amazed me was the informality of the whole interview. (I was so much at ease, it could be dangerous). Then at a given signal, they all sort of nodded and thanked me, and it was over.

So now I can't really give you the scoop, but it's my own opinion that either they thought I was quite peppy and would at least make an interesting college teacher, or else they realized I was some sort of a nut, impersonating the scholarly-and-intelligent Miss Wright and crossed me off the list.

wouldn't even have to go to school. But, no parents' permission. "Besides that," one well-informed member added, "you have to be twenty-one to gamble." Foiled again!

Just as everyone was about to give up and return to the demanding task of watching snow flakes flutter, Kathy Lewellen got that familiar sparkle in her eyes, and we gathered around to hear her proposition. That was my mistake—I listened. And that was why I found myself reluctantly stepping out of the door at 6:30. One good thing—it was a degree warmer now—four below.

Eventually, seven other girls straggled into Kathy's house—our rendez-vous, and we started on our semester-break trip. We were going to spend the day on Kathy's uncle's farm, a distance of about 60 miles! This was sort of a let-down after our wild dreams, but we were all happy to be going any place at all, and quite game.

After about an hour and a half ride, we city girls converged on the helpless farm. It was so cold walking from the car to the house, that I had my doubts about spending half the day outside cooking, as Kathy had planned. Laura DiGiovanni, Janet Hansen, and myself were about to stake out a claim for ourselves next to the oven when Kathy, decked out in her "rebel with Fidel" type khaki coat, assured us we could be kept warm by a fire her father was going to build for us. Still somewhat reluctant, but not wishing to be "party-poopers," we re-buttoned our coats, and took one last loving look at the oven.

It was just like a motorized wagon train as we made our way along the little dirt roads, with Mr. Lewellen blazing the trail in his pick-up, and two carloads of girls

following him. I thought this was rough going, but my mind was quickly changed when we turned into a pasture and started winding our way between trees and unfenced livestock. One good thing—none of our cars were red.

Finally, we reached our picnic spot—a beautiful stone ledge on the creek bottom. Needless to say, the creek was completely frozen, and we had to migrate across the ice to reach solid ground. Of course, the minute Kathy Fahlstrom stepped foot on the ice, she promptly up-ended, and was the first to assure us that the ice was quite hard.

Leaving Marilyn Miller to help Kathy with the fire, the rest of us took off exploring down the creek, as members of the Arens-Harper expedition. The beautiful winter scenes in this frozen creek made this little jaunt well worth-while. In some parts, the water had frozen crystal clear, and frosted leaves caught specks of sunlight and glistened through their icy prison. In other parts of the ice, we could see inert fish, which had evidently been caught unaware by the quick freeze. Jeanne Hastings took a special liking to one particular specimen, and nothing would do but for her to chop it out with a hatchet. Janet wanted to carry it back to the fire and revive it, but she was over-ruled by those of us who were quite unable to tolerate the smell after the first minute.

Eventually, after following the winding creek for nearly a mile, we decided to turn back and head for the fire—and the food! Halfway back we were met by Marilyn who informed us of the fact that the fire was about out. But, like true woodswomen, we each grabbed a dead limb and man-

aged to revitalize our waning flicker.

Never had I tasted such delicious hot dogs and beans. Our only real problem was trying to drink our pop before it froze in the bottle. A less minor one was tasting the marshmallows Mrs. Lewellen sent us; it was a little rough trying to stick miniature marshmallows on a small tree limb.

After this leisurely meal, we gathered up our belongings and headed back for the house. Thus far, we had sustained a minimum amount of casualties—Marilyn had scratched her eye with a stick, and couldn't see, and seven of us had fallen on the ice at one time or another.

And, of course, we had to see the hayloft while we were there. We didn't realize that there are other things besides hay in a hayloft—like chickens. "Oh well, you learn something new every day," as Joyce remarked while picking the feathers out of her hair.

One of the most interesting items on the premises was a Ben Hur-type chariot. Since it was too cold to attach the pony to it, Jeanne quickly volunteered to supply the horse power. However, she quickly deserted her post when Janet got a little rough with the whip.

By this time we all returned to the house, where Laura prepared hot chocolate. She would have qualified as an army cook, leaning over her bucket-type kettle, mixing a gallon of milk with a box of cocoa mix.

About three o'clock, we bade good bye to the gracious Lewellens, and started on our way. Half of us sang while the other half talked or slept.



WESTPORT GLASS AND PAINT CO.

425 Westport Rd. WE. 1-7347
7218 W. 80th St. NI. 2-6161



Did you know—
The average K.C. family cooks with electricity for less than \$2 a month!

K.C. POWER & LIGHT CO.

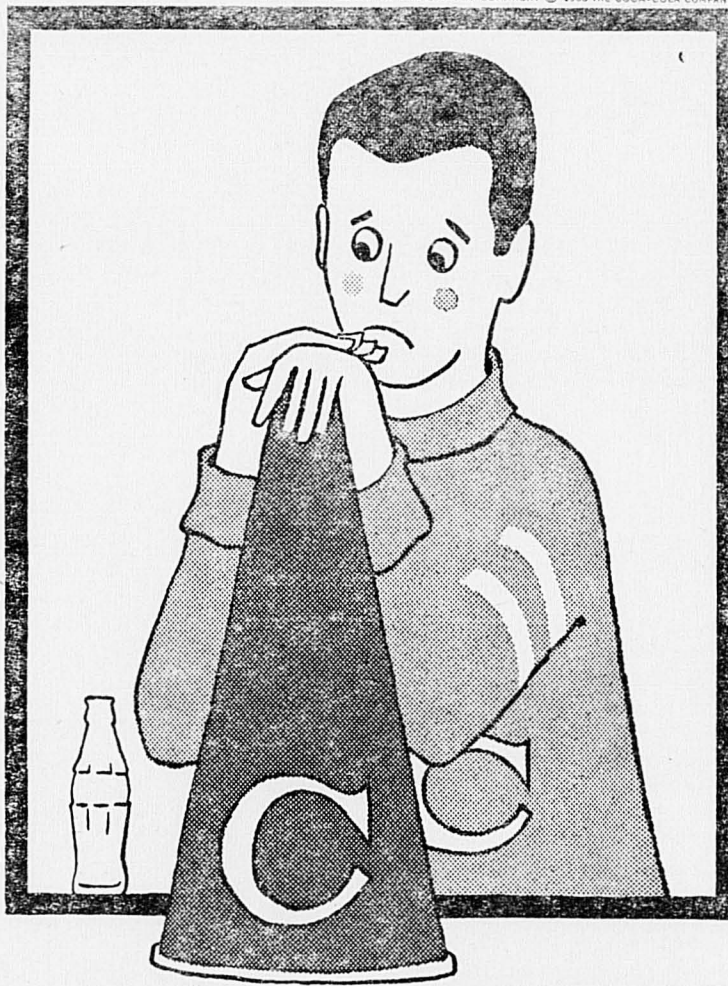
HALL ICE CREAM CO.
1059 State AT. 1-4275
Kansas City, Kansas

"Ice-cream for all occasions"

Dependable Service
Since 1927

Toedman
CABS, Inc.

WE. 1-1500



Cheerless leader

Not a "rah rah" left in him! He's just discovered there's no more Coke. And a cheer leader without Coke is as sad as a soap opera. To put the sparkle back in his eye—somebody!—bring him a sparkling cold Coca-Cola!



BE REALLY REFRESHED

Bottled under authority of The Coca-Cola Company by
The Kansas City Coca-Cola Bottling Company